

The Authoritative Handbook For A Successful Song Writing Career

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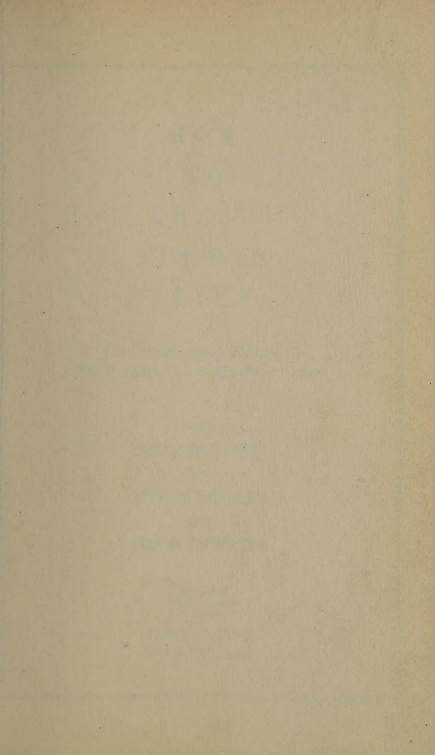
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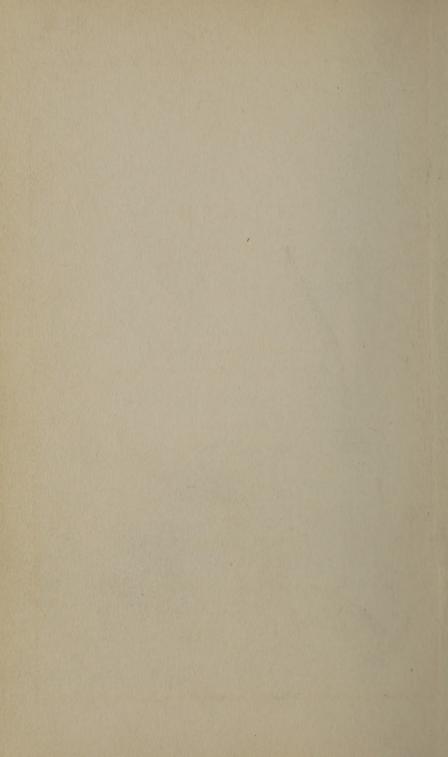
by
ARTHUR JONES
as told to
LOUISE HOWARD
and
JERON CRISWELL

Foreword by
SAMMY KAYE (SWING AND SWAY)

PRICE ONE DOLLAR







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Joseph H. Benton June 30. 1939

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FIRST EDITION

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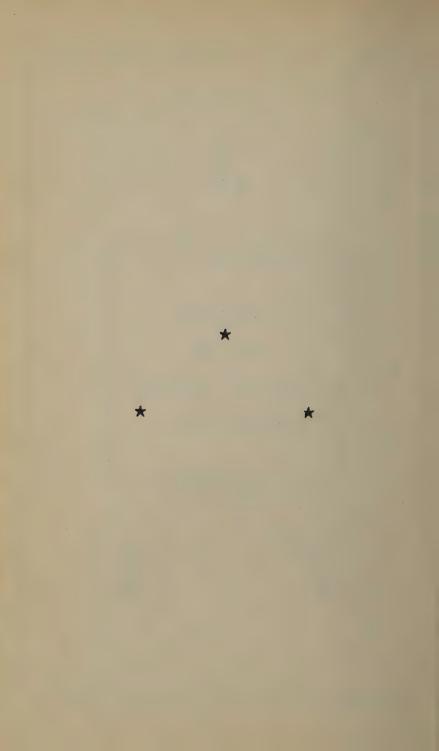
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DEDICATED
TO THE
YOUNG AND AMBITIOUS
SONGWRITERS







Foreword

SAY to every aspiring songwriter in America, "Read, profit and enjoy 'How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley.' It captures the scene, the mood, and the tempo of one of the most remarkable places on earth! — the place that chooses what the world will sing! As an orchestra leader with my hand on the very pulse of popular American music, I didn't think it possible to get down the momentum of the musical side of the theatrical world. 'How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley' does more than that. It crashes down all its doors, it shows its elements of chance, its business, its sorrows and what it takes to get on the right road to glittering success. Assuredly, 'How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley' is the text book of songwriting!"

Sammy Kaye
"Swing and Sway"



All this happens every day and it could easily be you.



The Authoritative Handbook for a Successful Songwriting Career

OU do not remember just when it happened but always you whistled and hummed tunes that defied authorship, except of course, your own! Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, you realize you have a "song." You are amazed at your talent. You feel that you have indescribable genius that will be easily recognized.

You hum the song to numerous friends for an "audience reaction," and find that they fully agree with you that you have a "song." They all say, "That's wonderful," and you believe it yourself.

You laboriously translate this mental melody into piano tones. From this moment on you are fearless about your "genius," as it is unmistakable to you and those who surround you

that you are different from them as you possess that intangible thing, a melody-manufacturing brain.

You spend long hours at the piano perfecting your miraculous tune. You are now able to rattle it off in a very lively and professional manner, just as if it had been heard from every loud speaker in the country, and its published copy proudly on display in every music store and its record sales running into the thousands.

Now that you can play this tune without the slightest hesitation at the key board, you begin sharing it with everyone you know by insisting that they hear your "song."

One day you strike someone who knows something about music, and who asks you, after you have played your song for him, "Well, where is it?" You loftily inform him that you just played it. He repeats his question, then you realize that the song was a mental one and you simply must get it down on paper. After all your public must buy something tangible.

You are sufficiently aggressive so you laboriously translate your tune to paper. If you find this hard to do there is a piano instructor in the community who assures you

he or she knows all about it and you should come over next Tuesday at 4:30 and this miracle will be performed. It is.

You treasure this musical manuscript as though it were a Beethoven original. You study it and suddenly realize that you have no words to your song. No matter how lovely the tune, you cannot expect people to go around humming it at each other. You depart into a mental world all your own, until such a time when you can return safely with a full set of lyrics.

Anything that rhymes you call a lyric. There is a vast difference between lyrics and poetry. The latter appeals to the mind while the lyric appeals to the physical. A good lyric is universal and has a direct appeal to the masses, whereas poetry is limited to the intellectual.

The one purpose of a lyric is to create a mood, and in that mood a complete story is told. You come to this conclusion after you analyze hundreds of popular songs.

You emerge from another study period, lasting probably months, with the conclusion that the following subjects are somewhat taboo as to value and lasting qualities:

war-songs

dance-fads
slang expressions
political subjects
comedy gags
timely or deceased personalities
nonsensical jingles
organization songs.

You come to the conclusion that the following subjects are always commercial:

love songs songs of joy cow-boy songs folk-songs boy and girl songs geographical songs the moon over any place songs songs of ambition and desire.

After a careful survey you choose the last mentioned. The desire nearest your heart at this minute is to crash Tin-Pan Alley, so in a twinkling of an eye you have a song title that is a knock-out, namely, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley."

Again you astound your friends with the mere title of your song. Now all you have to do is to fit it to your melody line. It all seems very simple.

The average person would have written purely from an inspirational view instead of a commercial one, but not you as you have thought this thing out. You do not write of an aching heart, throbbing with resentment and condemnation, caused by an injured pride; but you write only from the commercial angle.

For a further audience reaction you now go to complete strangers. You reason, and rightly so, that if your song can sustain their interest you believe it has a chance.

Your song does have a chance, but where is it to get this chance? This somewhat troubles you until you hear a song on the radio called, "Tessie Be Good To Me," that sounds similar in style to yours. You buy a piano copy from your local music store and note that Publisher X's address is imprinted on the music.

You reason that Publisher X put out "Tessie Be Good To Me" and would be in the market for a similar item. Your music teacher's copy of your song together with your newly acquired lyrics written carefully under each note is sent, and you wait in vain to hear from this publisher.

True, the song is in the mill. It has been played by the publisher's second man together

with possibly a thousand others during this one day set aside for such an ordeal. Out of the thousand songs there is not one that he would choose because none appeal.

Your song is now returned to you, and you wonder why it was not accepted. Its chances were spoiled from the very first by its musical form which was far too elaborate. All that is needed is a simple melody line with indicated harmonies written in a clear manner with each word of the lyric plainly written below.

You may have sent this manuscript out a dozen times to a dozen different publishers only to have it rejected before you learn to put it in a professional style.

The professional form of the song is no job for an amateur. It must be done with someone of musical ability who is an accepted and authorized arranger to take your melody line and put down harmonies that go with each note.

If you are out of town you will have to send your manuscript away for this service. The rates fluctuate to the amount of work that must be done. It is a very important thing that you are careful to deal with a reputable arranger.

You see an advertisement, "We put your songs in presentable manuscript form." Many firms of this kind may give you a full piano copy which is useless to you. They give right and left hand when all you needed was the forementioned. Many of these firms also give you incorrect and hackneyed or inadequate harmonies. Be sure that your arrangement does justice to your original. This is the right way and any other slows up your career.

A reputable arranger would not harm his reputation as he deals with the top people of the songwriting profession. He gives you modern, standard harmonies and that is what you must have.

Now that your song has been put in professional form by a reputable arranger you are ready to secure a copyright. You write to the Library of Congress, Registrar of Copyrights, Washington, D. C. and ask for form E2. When you receive this you fill in all information and then with a melody line and a full set of lyrics you mail them off together. There is no postage required for this as it is government business, and the charge of copyright is only one dollar which you clip to your copy and the form card.

The combination of your thought is now

copyrighted. However this does not give you the sole right to the title of your song. It is impossible to copyright a title of a song, also a play, a novel or a motion picture. It is impossible for someone to copyright the word "love," but if it were possible, any title or song with the word "love" used would be an infringement. You have only succeeded in copyrighting your general association of ideas.

Now that you have your song in professional form you try anew. Publisher X again receives your song, and this time it is considered at a glance. Why? It is in professional form and they recognize you as a professional. Your gummed-up copy which they received a month or so before was looked on purely as an amateur's work.

Publisher X's Assistant has sorted the thousand manuscripts for that week, and all songs in professional form he has put aside and it is these that receive first attention.

The staff pianist is asked to play your song two or three times as it may strike Publisher X's Assistant's fancy. However in the end, he decides it is too much in the same style as their late hit "Tessie Be Good To Me."

Your song had enough merit to rate attention, and if they would have accepted it at

this moment it would be a rare occasion, as this is the sort of thing that a Cinderella story is built upon, and hardly proves a practical occupation.

You have enclosed return postage so your copy immediately comes back to you together with a form letter stating that it does not meet with Publisher X's requirements of the moment, and perhaps he was perfectly right because rarely can two similar songs prove profitable.

Why do you need a copy of your song in professional form? The answer is very simple; the publisher who accepts your song prefers his own piano part arrangement, which is completely carried out by his staff.

You now take an avid interest in all music, especially the popular songs. Suddenly on the radio you hear a song that has used an identical rhyme scheme that you employed in your song. You wonder why this happens. It is because of unexplained vibrations that fill the air, often many people receive the same thought in ten far distant localities. The thought just happened to come to you to use that particular rhyme scheme as it did the other writer whose song is now on the radio.

One publisher was kind enough to include a short criticism with your returned manuscript, stating that the lyrics were not quite right. You try to improve on them yourself but find it impossible, nor do you know anyone in your community who in your estimation is capable of further increasing the value of your song.

It is now that you notice and subscribe to the following classified advertisement, "Let us put lyrics to your song" or vice versa. If you had received criticism on your "melody" this "ad" would also have included you.

Now you send either your lyrics or your song and await their return. You have also inclosed money which will pay for the rewriting of your masterpiece.

Soon your manuscript is returned with a few changes made or a tune or lyrics added whichever the case may be. True, you have another version of your song, but who are these individuals to have the authority in saying that these are the right words or that this is the right melody? The song may now be very unsaleable due to the incompetence of the rewrite man.

The new version now proves a disadvantage to you more than ever. It may sound per-

fectly all right to you but to professional ears it may be worthless. In other words be sure that you have your song examined by a reputable, known, and established, active songwriter.

There are several well known songwriters who will supply words or music to your manuscript, and your chances are greater for getting a saleable product. These men cannot guarantee you a "hit" tune any more than can a publisher after a song has been accepted for the purpose of making it a "hit."

The association of an established active writer with your name will give you the priceless prestige you need to break down the barrier that has been placed against untried and unproven songwriters.

At this moment you have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge about songwriting. You go to your public library only to find that it does not carry a varied assortment of practical books on special vocational subjects such as songwriting, so you consult many book catalogues and find any number of books listed on this subject. One warning here is that you only purchase the works of writers active in Tin-Pan Alley. True, there are many books authored by people who have never had contact with an authentic publisher and have

not had their name associated with a legitimate publication of a song.

Mail-order courses are usually worthless because the individual professor usually knows nothing about the subject from a commercial standpoint. Be not misled by promises of "We teach you how to write a song," for there is no accepted method or school that could possibly teach you how to write "hit" songs any more than a playwriting course can guarantee you to write a "Pulitzer Prize" play. Writing a popular song is a bastard art.

If upon playing your song in the company of friends, they tell you it is slightly reminiscent of some other tune, be not dismayed, for the glaring fact is that there are only eight notes and mathematically only a certain number of combinations can be derived from these. It is impossible to write an "original" tune.

It is in this period of your community life that you are flooded with all kinds of unimportant mail usually sent second class and heralding everything from a song contest to partnership offered in a Publishing House. Your name is on what they call a "sucker list." Many times you have been almost through with songwriting, being discouraged after seeing your manuscript returned in such a curt

and efficient manner, and these "sucker" letters again stimulate interest, and you are once more vitally alive to the idea of a songwriting career.

The idea of a partnership sounds too involved so you consider the National Song Contest. This is usually mailed from a Chicago, Hollywood or a New York address. The letter boldly states in a most convincing manner that, "We want three outstanding songs, one should be a lively fox-trot, the other a folk song and the third a waltz," which covers any song that could be written.

In order that you may enter this amazing contest your song must first be perfected by them for a fee, in this way it will receive the best chance from the Contest judges. Another stipulation is that you are to purchase by advance payment the three winning numbers, amounting to \$1.00 which is only the entry fee.

One other variation of the song contest is often run by newspapers and periodicals who have no fee except a subscription to their paper or a purchase of a particular item from a drug store or grocery. These contests are unbiased and in the end your song may receive a prize that warrants a certain amount of publicity but rarely is it plugged, which

after all is the only way by which a song can become known and can make money.

Your enticing National Song Contest proves very costly to you as there are many colorful strings added over a period of time. Each one seems indispensible and you feel you cannot let it stand in your way of winning the contest.

These strings include an analysis of your lyrics, tune, harmonies, commercial possibilities, composition form (this means a rehashing of everything), originality, aptitude test for discerning whether you have a spark of genius, a versatility test to determine your inventive mind, your exchange of songs with some other novice for comparative criticism (after all it is criticism you are buying not exchanging, but at this point it is a thrilling comparison because your song seems so much better than your fellow contestants').

You buy three copies of last year's winners' songs but hesitate on buying the preceding years' winners. Last year's winners are unknown to you but this does not surprise you because you can only recall two or three songs from last year and yet you know there are many songs published but only a few are ever "hits."

As the contest date approaches you are notified that your chances are very good for winning the coveted prize, that of having your songs published! You are given "A" rating, but now a new qualification creeps in, namely, that you subscribe to a concise course which is to prove whether you are only a flash in the pan or, as in any of the arts, a person who can take an assignment and turn it out in a given time.

This course teaches you to write songs to certain titles, to supply titles to given lyrics, to write lyrics to melodies and melodies to lyrics, to build songs around situations and plots, also to design special songs for pathos or laughter.

It is now that you receive the recognition that you are a full fledged, all around songwriter, and you believe it yourself for you weathered the critical storms of the Contest and fame is in your reach. . . Does not your diploma say this?

After much deliberation on the part of the so-called judges the Contest draws to a close with you trailing in the honorable mention.

A letter comes from the president himself congratulating you on your entered songs and although they did not have the merit to win

(however his niece's did) they have great commercial possibilities. In fact he is so sure of this that he is willing to publish them and asks you for the publishing rights. You hastily answer in the affirmative. Then he answers you telling you the price you must pay for this service that he is to render you.

The mentioned price includes the cost of merchandising, fraudulently stated, because he will in no commercial way "push" the songs. He may even state that they will be heard on a radio program or played by some minor orchestra in some minor nightclub, but if he has no commercial tie-ups this is all so useless. He is very careful not to put anything in writing that would entangle him and hold him responsible in any way, shape or form.

You pay for the printing of five hundred professional copies of your "favorite" song. (These are copies printed on inferior paper without a jacket imprint and given free of charge to any artist in hope they will popularize the song. This is a standard method used by all publishers to promote a song.) You also pay for two thousand copies for retail purposes.

You are notified one morning that in two nights hence your "favorite" song will appear in a program over a designated radio station. At the time mentioned you are not able to tune

in the station mentioned because the station is so small and operates on such a low voltage that a person ten miles distant is considered lucky if he ever gets the station at all. Your entire community also tried to tune in on your program but failed, yet were deeply impressed.

The contest official writes you that your "favorite" number has been played at "Minto's," a smart nightclub, and is continually requested by the "Metropolitan Cafe Society." This not only elates you but also your entire community.

Suddenly you receive a large package C. O. D. by Express. Upon paying for it you find that it contains half your original amount of the retail copies of your "favorite" song.

Then in the afternoon mail you receive a letter from the Contest Supervisor advising you that much gain can be made if you peddle your "favorite" song to your friends for the purchase price of thirty-five cents each. He tells you how to go about it. He sends you notes that could easily become press releases if you just fill in your own name, and with your community standing you can easily be included in the local news of the day. He also advises that your local music shop would be only too glad to give you a display and sell your songs on a consignment basis.

Locally you become the eighth wonder of the world. You bravely address the Business Men's Luncheon Club, the Women's Literary Society, the High School, and travel thirty miles for a radio interview. You are heralded upon your return as a person who has "arrived." You are a person of importance.

The crowning point of your career comes when the Conductor of the Town Band approaches you in great humbleness to secure your permission to include your "favorite" song in the May Day Concert. He asks when he might have the full orchestration. You find out just how many will be in the band that day, and assure him that nothing will please you more, and you are sure that orchestrations have already been issued and all you have to do is write for them.

You dispatch a demand post-haste to your Contest Supervisor and receive an answer by return mail stating that these orchestrations can be made up for a certain price. You are somewhat staggered at the price but local pride wins out.

In due time you receive the orchestrations and turn them over to the Conductor of the band. Your community on May Day, needless to say, bursts with pride. You become the cynosure of all eyes, and people who barely noticed you be-

fore now cluster around you in rapt astonishment at your remarkable success.

After this magnificent public performance of your "favorite" song, you are asked to address the High School again, and this time the High School orchestra boldly explores your tune to the great enjoyment of the idol-worshipping students. In your talk you admit that it was your songwriting genius that procured you your claim to fame, forgetting that your money had anything to do with it.

As customary at the end of each public appearance you ask for questions which as an authority you can certainly answer. Some brainy little sophomore asks you quite blandly, "When are you going to New York?" which stuns you completely. It is now that you realize that a celebrity must continue or he ceases to be a celebrity.

Then you reason if you are to remain a local genius you must write another song, and then one more, and then one more. All of this would be quite expensive and for the same amount you could go to New York and really have a try at the thing.

You could become a martyr by marrying the willing banker's fat daughter or the willing banker's anemic son, as the case may be. In

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The authors, Louise Howard and Jeron Criswell with their composer, Arthur Jones at the piano during an engagement.







this way you could still keep the flame of fame alive by periodically giving speeches and having your "favorite" song sung or played. Your martyred genius could always be displayed at the slightest excuse.

You never realized that a thousand copies of music required so much time and energy to get rid of. Each person who could have purchased an autographed copy has already done so. The music store has not sold one in weeks.

To rid yourself of your remaining stock you go thirty miles to give another radio interview, and while there you try to interest their local music store into handling your "favorite" song. They consult their release catalogue and cannot find it listed, so they immediately conclude that it is a local proposition and they would not be interested.

On the way home you recall something you read the day before, concerning Mr. Top Flight's musical career which covered only ten years but brought him fame and fortune as his songs were sung all around the world. It was such a lovely story, it was too good to be true.

However, the story was just a press agent's dream, and Mr. Top Flight at that very moment was wondering how to prolong his Hollywood contract and had emptied his pocket to

pay this press-agenting-genius for this glowing dream that you remembered.

You suddenly surprise yourself by announcing calmly to everyone that you are going to New York. Your daily paper picks up your story and gives it front page prominence which sells the remaining copies of your "favorite" song. Again you have the community at your feet. Your genius is again recognized and soars in everyone's estimation, even your own.

Your classmates present you with a watch, the Women's Club with a home-grown bouquet and your Girl or Boy Scout troop gives a well filled basket for travel devourment. It is all so sad, yet it all seems so worth it, for you are the envy of all, and so is your dear family who waves farewell from the station platform.

You arrive in New York in due time. The hustle, bustle and flurry somewhat takes your breath. When you get over your momentary amazement you calmly walk up to the nearest policeman and ask him to direct you to Tin-Pan Alley. He looks bewildered, he asks you again and you tell him again. He consults his "little red book" without success and refers you to the policeman on the next corner, who in turn is just as bewildered. It is then that a passerby informs you in a pitying way that Tin-Pan Alley is only a legendary term for a part of

New York City known as the theatrical district.

You stumble into a drug store and consult the telephone directory only to find the man was right as Tin-Pan Alley is not listed as a street, a section or an actual place.

You find lodging and establish an address, and hurry off to the legendary Tin-Pan Alley.

Tin-Pan Alley is in the theatrical district of New York City for the simple reason that the theater and music are so closely allied. Years ago when the theatrical section was at Liberty Street, then Fourteenth, then Twenty-Third Street, then Times Square, Tin-Pan Alley followed in the wake of the theater.

Upon Tin-Pan Alley's first inception it chose a street of residential houses which soon became infested with cheap pianos of the tinny variety, which when played sounded like so many tin pans being struck. That is how the name of Tin-Pan Alley came about.

Up to ten years ago Tin-Pan Alley was in the Forties but now it has moved into the lower Fifties. Since the triumph of radio it has followed that medium. Radio is the outlet for the songs today, and that is where you will find Tin-Pan Alley stretching its long grasping tentacles.

Somehow Tin-Pan Alley has never lived down its cheap reputation, even though it now occupies spacious muraled offices, a chromiumed Heaven, and a paradise of grand pianos. The surroundings have changed but its habitues are the same, and you still find them chewing cigars. If Tin-Pan Alley had been called Honky-Tonk Boulevard, it still would have failed to live the name down. One associates Tin-Pan Alley with romance of the June-spoon-moon-soon-goon era.

The following morning you gaily make a personal call upon your Contest Supervisor who published your "favorite" song. You locate the address only to find that it is a dingy building and that your National Contest Supervisor only rents "desk" space ("desk" space simply means that the Contest Supervisor paid the sum of two dollars a month for the privilege of receiving his mail here and using it as an address, and all his other contest work was done at his apartment, and the publishing by one of the hundreds of printers in New York). The girl at the switch-board loftily informs you that you could write in asking for an appointment as she is not at liberty to divulge his home address.

You write a letter to the Contest Supervisor but wait a week or so for an answer, while back in your home town you received immedi-

ate service of one day. He is not as anxious to do a personal transaction as one through the mail. He reasons that you may have some complaint, but in the end his curiosity gets the better of him and you are granted an interview at his apartment.

In the meantime you have looked up the radio station where your song received its air presentation, only to find that it was a small insignificant one-watt affair that broadcasts mostly foreign language programs and had no commercial value, and was the butt of many jokes from the radio world.

Somewhat discouraged you look up "Minto's" nightclub which you were led to believe was a top spot but you find it is on a side street downtown, and if "Cafe Society" ever went there it would have been on a slumming expedition. In no uncertain terms it was a clip-joint and did not even cater to "Cafeteria" Society. (A clip-joint is a place that is operated for "suckers" only, where there are no menus, many hostesses and no scruples, and the price the customer pays is what the traffic will bear. Jesse James and Captain Kidd were really novices compared to these operators.)

Now you turn your steps toward the music store where your Contest Supervisor reported your "favorite" song was sold. You stride in

and ask for your song, and the proprietor magically presents it to you. After paying for it, you ask him how many he has sold, and after a quick inventory of his stock he tells you, "only one", and that is the one you purchased. Your castles tumble and you wonder why someone did not tell you that songwriting and song-merchandising were a business just as sure as the cotton market or the silk industry.

With nothing else to do and time hanging heavy on your hands you look up Publisher X to find that his offices are as lavish as a movie set. You feel free to walk about and take a peep in the different cubby-holes which hold a piano each and certain other geniuses of the musical world. The secretary loftily notifies you that Publisher X is in Hollywood and will return sometime next month, "Won't you please write for an 'apperntment'?" which you promise to do and leave, yet somehow thrilled by the glamour of it all.

The one thing that left a lasting impression was the people who occupied the little rooms with such ease. You reasoned at once that they did not work for Publisher X as they constantly kept going and coming with the air of Emperors and Queens. Months later you found that they were the dilettantes of the music world who floated from publisher to pub-

lisher in a continuous round of gossip circles that only talked "shop" but never had the security of a continued professional engagement.

The day for the appointment with your Contest Supervisor arrives. You locate his apartment after the usual amount of trouble that a newcomer has in finding his way around New York. Your Contest Supervisor occupies an entire floor of a "brownstone front" and two thirds of it is humming with activity. On tables that reach the entire length of the room are laid out printed matter which girls are busily collecting and putting into envelopes. You edge up to one of the tables and notice announcements of another National Song Contest. These circulars are on their way to thousands of people just like yourself, but at this split second you feel as wise as Solomon because you know all the answers when it comes to a "Contest" of this kind.

You are ushered in and come face to face at last with your Contest Supervisor. He proves to be a wild looking individual wearing pincenez with a serious note in his voice, cultivated by lecturing to women's clubs on Music and its full appreciation and joy. He is delighted to meet you and what can he do you for this time. He is so disarmingly friendly that he completely quiets your evident dissatisfaction by offering you a chance to participate in a Music

Festival that he is staging uptown.

The Music Festival will be quite an affair and your Contest Supervisor would have you believe that all the leading luminaries in the Musical World will travel to the farthest point in the Bronx to hear vapid melodies which mostly are from the pens of young New York professionals like yourself with only a geographical difference.

This chance at fame will cost you fifty dollars, which somehow you cannot see yourself spend. He does give you a ticket however, which you do use, only to witness the silliest example of self-exhibitionism of other young people that you have ever witnessed. You thought New Yorkers were smart but you somehow sense that they must be exceedingly gullible.

The day after the lean "Festival" you return to the Supervisor's apartment and this time you are not misled by other propositions but demand to know what happened to your other thousand retail copies and your five hundred professional copies. He tries to evade this but you persistently insist upon the remaining copies that you have already paid for. In your presence he calls up his printer and orders your copies to be delivered at your address the following day. He does not wish any more trouble with you so he quickly accedes to your





wishes so that you remain on friendly terms, for an occasion might arise for continued business.

The following evening you receive your copies and you again have a surge of pride because who else do you know that has a published song both in retail and professional copies? Again you are a man of standing in your new community and something to be reckoned with in Tin-Pan Alley. You mentally thank your Contest Supervisor a thousand times because he has opened a door for you and has prepared a way through your printed music to storm Tin-Pan Alley.

Bright and early the following morning you are rushing from publisher to publisher only asking for the man whose name is on the door, and in each case you find this individual will not arrive at his office until around eleven.

With a good hour and a half to kill you look in the Telephone Company's "Red Book." You find a hundred and twenty publishing firms, ten long inches of names in exceedingly small type, with addresses and telephone numbers. So this is Tin-Pan Alley!

Suddenly a bright idea strikes you and you return to your room and get a hundred and twenty copies of your "favorite" song, "How

To Crash Tin-Pan Alley", which is just what you are going to do if it kills you. You purchase a rubber stamp which gives your present New York address, and soon one hundred and twenty bewildered executives are the personal recipients of a personally addressed sealed envelope containing one copy of your, not their, "favorite" song. One hundred and twenty executives in the fear that they may offend someone who has been sent to them by a close friend, call in one hundred and twenty secretaries and dictate a polite little note in a bewildered manner, thanking you for this courtesy and hoping to see you soon.

Even the postman is amazed at you receiving a hundred and twenty letters in the space of a day and a half, but no more surprised than you. In fact you did not bother to open a door, you kicked one through.

Systematically, like the architect who plans his skyscraper, you plan your campaign to captivate Tin-Pan Alley. Your trick proves an entree to every top-executive. They are still bewildered by your ingenious method and will never forget you because of this novel introduction.

Your song remains unsold, because the Publishers are over-stocked in new material by their own staff, but will accept your song if

it is connected with a Broadway musical or nightclub floor show. However, they will keep you in mind and you have accomplished the unbelievable feat of meeting the head men personally and on a friendly basis, where hundreds who frequent their offices daily, some for the past five years, have not gotten past the girl at the switch-board. Many publishers personally escort you to the elevator and in the eyes of the waiting multitude in the outer offices you appear as someone "highly connected."

These outer office hangers-on now greet you with reverence and are anxious to promote a friendship. You take advantage of this and begin to hand out autographed professional copies of your "favorite" song to those who seem the most promising and who are the most affluent in manner and dress.

Soon your "favorite" song is surprisingly used by a great number of girls and boys in their auditions for nightclub, orchestra and radio jobs. They proudly allude to you as their "special material" writer.

The radio field entices you. After sometime you find it a closed door, because the executives are only interested in songs from motion pictures, Broadway musical comedies and numbers backed by large publishers. You never get past the girl in the outer office, so you pay forty

cents and take a tour so that you will be able to discuss the inner working of radio with an ease equal to your competitors.

One day a telephone call comes for you asking if you could see Miss Mauvis Midnight at her hotel that afternoon at five. This time you are bewildered and ask the elevator boy who this Mauvis person is. He tells you that she is a top-drawer nightclub star now singing at the "Swinging Bucket."

You are seated in the presence of Miss Mauvis Midnight in her luxurious hotel suite. She seems somewhat drowsy, but welcomes you in her best hostess manner. She coyly (far too coyly for her age) desires you to write some special material for her, fitting of course to her personality. You never heard of the term "special material", but reason it must be something written in an individual style.

Miss Midnight languidly seats herself at the piano and gives you an idea of her "style." It must be something like this, but of course must be original. She then informs you that at an audition she heard your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley", rendered by another artiste and being it was the type of thing that Miss Midnight does so well, she managed to get your name and address. You find out that you are already an established special material

writer unknown to yourself.

Miss Midnight then tells you if you will write three special numbers for her exclusive use alone she will feature them at the "Swinging Bucket." You are so pleased, as she hoped would be the case, that the matter of monetary compensation does not come up. However, she does drop a hint that you can use her name as reference and in this way gain entree to other users of special material. Another appointment is arranged and you leave with a high heart.

You write three numbers similar in style to the ones Miss Midnight sang for you, with lyrics a little bawdier, broader and smarter than the average popular song. Needless to say, she is delighted, and invites you as her guest to the "Swinging Bucket" the following week, when a new floor show is to be presented.

You lose no time now in letting all your acquaintances and offices know that you are Miss Midnight's special material writer, and they in turn look upon you as really having arrived.

Miss Mauvis Midnight's rendition of your numbers in the nightclub show is tremendously successful. It gives you a great personal satisfaction but causes you to wonder who authored the remaining numbers of the floor

show. You question Miss Midnight regarding these numbers and she tells you that this particular club has the composer-lyricist under contract for a series of similar shows.

The next field you systematically cover is the nightclubs, and find out that in every case the same condition prevails. These contracted composer-lyricists are active and established in the musical comedy and revue fields, and their names and connections do much in securing them nightclub contracts.

Your fame spreads as a special material writer and you soon have ten or so lesser luminaries than Miss Midnight, singing your numbers, each specially written. True, you have been able to trade on this but you have gained nothing in a monetary way.

Fame and fortune seem so near at hand and you are out of funds so you quietly cash your insurance policy, unbeknown to your family. This gives you a few hundred dollars that you must make do until you are famous also in a monetary way.

On glancing through the classified section of a Sunday paper you see the following advertisement:

Wanted—Songwriters, must be versatile. If acceptable will be considered for partnership.

You go to the designated office and are given an appointment. The impression is given you that it is a tremendously busy organization and that they somehow miraculously found time to see you and hear your music. After you have played several numbers, the two executives go into a huddle, then tell you that you will qualify. There is a stipulated fee of fifty dollars to become a member of their songwriting staff. In return for this, you will receive the free use of their offices and their secretary and a payment of royalties up to such and such a figure for all songs of yours they accept. The contract with them is to be exclusive. You tell them you will return tomorrow, that you will have to think it over, because upon questioning them you are dubious of their outlets and their professional standing.

The following day, after a careful consideration of the possibility that fifty dollars will be well spent if it secures publication for four or five more of your numbers, you believe the investment will be worthwhile. You return to the offices and are surprised by the absence of the firm. It seems that the Better Business Bureau issued a warning which they immediately heeded. Some recent member of their songwriting staff complained of their inactivity.

This adventure prompts you to answer another advertisement which simply states, "Songs

wanted. We are looking for good songs to publish," or "Attention all songwriters," or "lyric writers," or "tune-smiths" . . . submit your material to us at once. Call in person. Immediate market."

Enjoying the advantage of being in New York, your answer the "ad." You receive an immediate audition of one song and then they ask to hear another. They tell you they will let you know.

Two days later you receive a telegram or special delivery letter notifying you that your song has been accepted for publication and that a contract is waiting for you.

This time you are misled by the firm's address as they occupy lavish offices in a well-known building and give the appearance of a reputable, established standard publisher.

Every possible psychological trick is used upon you, such as: the Executive excusing himself while he breaks a dinner appointment with a well-known orchestra leader or a radio star, blandly accepting a contract to furnish music for a motion picture or a lavish floor show; he may even go so far as to talk of his guest appearances or his personal supervision of a famous orchestra's rehearsal.

Your contract is waiting for you and by the

payment of a hundred dollars one of your songs will receive publication, and the contract stipulates and really guarantees a few performances on small stations, and your song will receive what he terms, "a professional launching." Royalties are also stipulated and a clause concerning your future relationship.

Of the songs he mentions as his hits you quickly realize that they are similar titles to actual hits, such as: "Let Me Love You, Honey" the hit of the moment, has a companion in his list entitled, "Honey, Let Me Love You." Many others that he mentions unconsciously call to your mind another song. As he quickly enumerates these play-upon-words titles you might have been easily misled.

This man operates within the law because he delivers what the contract stipulates. He misrepresents himself by letting you think you are becoming an active songwriter and he is an active publisher and exploiter of songs. He may publish profusely but his exploitation angles are nil, being only a few small radio stations, a small and unknown nightclub or perhaps some fifth-rate orchestra that is usually unemployed.

The small radio stations, you have learned, are absolutely useless when it comes to the professional exploitation and plugging that a song

must have to become a "hit." You also have learned that standard publishers will not even give professional copies of their songs to these small stations nor will they recognize the performers.

If you had signed the contract you would have committed yourself in many ways, for any time later the man would have had a call on your services and you would not have been free to sign other contracts without consulting him and perhaps making it worth his while for a release so that you could continue your career.

You would have become a victim to this man if you had not known, thanks to your National Song Contest Supervisor, about this valueless service of "launching" a song without worthwhile outlets.

This man keeps his lavish office as a front to impress those songwriters who answer his "ad" in person. He is not interested in the out-of-town individuals who must send in their material as his establishment is built for "eye-appeal" only and he has not invested in high-sounding mail-order circulars, while your Contest Supervisor had no need for a lavish office as he sold only by mail. It happened that you were much better off with the Contest Supervisor because he made no further stipulation

about your future and in no way hampered your career.

Your Contest Supervisor proved a great help to you because it was this impetus coupled with your ingenuity and business ability that really started you in your chosen profession.

No legitimate publisher has to advertise for songs as his material is furnished from his staff of contract writers, who have written hits in the past and still show promise for future ones; another source of his supply is from Hollywood after the songs have been incorporated in films.

The motion picture studios employ their own staff writers who may also be under contract to a publisher. It is for this reason that the film industry is closed to the novice songwriter.

An unexpected phone call from Publisher X sets you on a new adventure. You recall that this is the same Publisher X who owned the song hit "Tessie Be Good To Me" but who refused to buy your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley" in its first version.

Publisher X looks at you across his spacious desk with a faint gleam of recognition, for he slightly remembers you as the donor of an autographed copy of your "favorite" song and

having granted you a special audition of it some time before. He informs you that Tiny Blott, the orchestra leader from the "Swinging Bucket," has had many requests for one of your numbers sung by Miss Mauvis Midnight. The guests thought the tune somewhat "catchy."

Publisher X tells you, of course as your name has never been attached to a popular song cover of any of the best sellers, he must link your name with a well-known writer. His choice of a well-known writer happens to be none other than Mr. Top Flight, the same man who was the hero of that press agent's dream you read last year, which really decided you to come to New York.

Publisher X condescendingly allows your name to follow that of Mr. Top Flight's on the cover. For the privilege of having your song published, at no cost to you, there is no alternative but for you to relinquish your rights to the song. No one gives anything for nothing in Tin-Pan Alley. Although you may not gain financially you will gain in publicity value.

It is decided then and there that Tiny Blott will from now on feature the number in exchange for his name on the cover, while Miss Mauvis Midnight will receive the picture privilege. Publisher X, guided by the opinion of Tiny Blott, has decided to exploit your song

to the best of his connections. You are well pleased with this transaction.

You are somewhat thrilled by the idea of working with such an established songwriter as Mr. Top Flight. However, this does not happen for you never get to meet Mr. Top Flight. The reason for this is that Mr. Top Flight's services are owned by Publisher X, and to bolster up a slipping reputation when it came to actual songwriting Publisher X has to resort to means of this sort, in the hope that he may resell a part of Mr. Top Flight's contract to Hollywood at a profit. Mr. Top Flight was clever enough to get an iron-bound contract through the use of a brilliant press agent for reviving interest in a former peak of his career, and was also wise enough to marry a radio executive's daughter who saw to it that her husband's word was accepted as to what songs went on the air, by merely getting him appointed head of the censor board for her father's particular chain of stations. Yes indeed, Mr. Top Flight was a valuable employee of Publisher X.

Of course the nightclub version of your song could not be used, but it was simple enough to change the title from:

How About Keeping Me Again (For I'm used to being kept)

to:

How About Loving Me Again (For I'm used to being loved)

And the change of lyrics was just as simple. You easily transformed this bawdy "Point" number to a simple little ballad that school children could sing to each other without the slightest blush of shame. You are aided in this change by one of the boys around the office who is an apprentice songplugger and not even under contract but is chosen by Publisher X for this important chore.

The office hums with the activity that precedes the launching of your song. Press releases are sent out by the yard. Many luncheons are purchased, theater parties are quickly organized, three week-end parties take place, together with a supper party with strange blondes as place-cards.

Mr. Top Flight secures the "Butternut Hour," the leading radio program of his father-in-law's chain (the relationship however had nothing to do with it).

The song is hurriedly published and copies are imposingly displayed through the offices. Each copy bears a lovely photograph of Miss Mauvis Midnight looking very dewy and innocent

about it all. Everything is just as the publisher promised.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Publisher X strolls through the offices on her weekly sightseeing tour, and is stunned by the picture of Miss Midnight on each copy of "How About etc." Blood runs thicker than water, when in the midst of her tantrum, Mrs. Publisher X demands of her husband immediate exile of that song because fifteen years ago she and Miss Midnight, then known as Mazie Mulligan, were side by side in the chorus of "Babykins" and feuded then, and the feud, as far as Mrs. X is concerned, is still on, Mr. Publisher yields to her request. Mrs. X feels very piqued about Mauvis and her continued career, while she gave up hers to marry an up-andcoming songplugger that later turned into Publisher X.

Needless to say the song is killed before it ever gets a chance to bloom. At the last minute a substitution is made, one song being as good as another, called "Honey, You Tickle Me," coauthored by Mr. Top Flight in the same manner.

You came so close to fame and you immediately consider your failure a sign of land, for you know fame can be captured.

Mr. Tiny Blott ceases playing your number as a dance tune at the "Swinging Bucket" after a week or so. You find out the omission was because he considered it a "dead" number, as he only wanted to be associated with "live" numbers. No orchestra leader can afford to invoke the wrath of any individual who ranked as high as Mrs. Publisher X, for, yes indeed, he knew the whole story as did all Tin-Pan Alley and Broadway.

Suddenly you become "orchestra" conscious because you realize the importance an orchestra has in building a song hit. Why can't you have your own orchestra? Yes, why? Everyone knows where the unemployed musicians congregate in New York because you can't be in Tin-Pan Alley without them getting in your hair. The average musician even though he has a job at night will spend the entire day standing on the corner talking "shop" with his own prototype.

You approach several of these musicians and they are more than happy to join your orchestra and when do they start to work, and where are you booked and for how long? You tell them you have an offer and then they ask what size library you have. They do not mean this in a literary sense, but how many orchestrations of popular songs do you possess? Have you an arranger? Does the spot have

a radio wire? And where is your union card? You have none of the above but feel sure you could obtain them if you have a booking.

You find what is doing in New York that week from a hotel circular and you call on each place that employs an orchestra, in the hope that they will schedule your band next. They are either booked months ahead or booked direct from agents whose names they mention.

You contact the agents only to find they will be more than pleased to hear you in a spot once you secure a booking but they cannot place an unknown band. You do not let this dampen your spirits, but you merrily continue down the list of clubs only to meet with the same results.

You even try to talk places into installing a band for the amusement of their guests but they have no cabaret license and even though you would work for nothing, the cost of a license of this kind is prohibitive.

You had no idea how closely knit the entertainment world is with pure business; for instance, you learn that entertainment concessions are sold as you would sell a hat-checking concession.

Agents buy these entertainment concessions so

that they are assured of a place to book in the particular band that they own and operate under various leaders' names, and would not endanger themselves nor their position by booking in an attraction that they do not control.

Many hotels are chains and rotate their one set of entertainers and orchestras from city to city.

Many nightclubs use the same orchestra year after year for this orchestra leader happens to own an interest in the place.

Many of the more elaborate places are operated by banks who in turn have sold the trusteeship of the bankruptcy appointment to individuals who own orchestras, entertainers, food and sundry concessions, and these individuals would not employ anyone outside their particular firm. Such firms are composed of people who have been trained in the nightclub and restaurant fields and know how efficiently to run a place.

The new orchestra that comes into any kind of prominence at all is being backed to the tune of many thousand dollars, which has gone into purchasing a spot or a music concession that will aid in establishing the orchestra. To be a well-known orchestra you must play in well-known places, and being these are at a premium

you must pay for the privilege.

If a young man can manage so that he becomes a popular established orchestra leader he can make back the investment many times over in one good radio assignment, or personal appearances at theaters or one-night stands through the country, or trade upon his reputation and connections solely in the business of songplugging.

After the discouragement about having your own orchestra, you can't get over the fact that Tiny Blott is holding down a spot. A phone call to Miss Midnight soon clarifies this situation. It so happens that the "Swinging Bucket's" lawyer and Publisher X's lawyer are one and the same person, and this lawyer condescends to do some free legal work for both clients if they will give his son, Tiny Blott, his heart's desire, that of becoming an orchestra leader. Publisher X highly recommends and gives official rating to Tiny Blott, who in turn is then acceptable to Mr. "Swinging Bucket" proprietor because he knows and expects from then on Mr. Publisher X will do all his entertaining and party-giving at the "Swinging Bucket." And Tiny Blott fully believes that he got there on merit alone. Now it is very plain to you why Publisher X took such an interest in the request for your number when recommended by Tiny Blott.

You are fully aware of the labyrinth and the endless reasons for everything that happens, but this does not daunt you.

Although it is impossible to have your band, you reason that you may become a part of another band. You know that your work has merit, and there is no reason why if terms are talked even to a year or so without actual pay just to establish yourself and your work, someone should not take advantage of this offer. You try many organizations but find that they are not interested, such as high ranking orchestra leaders, publishing companies and business managers who control many types of entertainment. The reason they are not interested in you is that it has been made worth their while to plug songs from publishers, the stage and pictures. Why should they perform your work for nothing while they can be paid for performing someone else's?

Suddenly you hear that if your songs are in a Broadway show they are accepted and published without question. You have the same belief in your talent as does the young actor when he first strikes Broadway*, and you feel it is just a matter of time until you will chance upon a producer seeking the exact thing you have to offer.

You watch the theater columns for announce-

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^{*} See "How To Crash Broadway" by Louise Howard and Jeron Criswell.

ments of producers who are going to do either a musical or a revue. You visit their offices and cannot get to see the producers as the secretaries definitely state that the music has been contracted for and there is no possible chance for even one number to be added regardless how good.

One day you manage to get into a rehearsal only to find out that the same fact remained, that there was no chance etc.

Again you methodically call on each producer listed in the "Red Book," hoping to place an application for future work should the producer at anytime need music. Some offices hum with activity, others with boredom. The producers of the first mentioned as do the producers of the last mentioned ask you many irrelevant questions at the time, such as, "Where do you live?" - - - "What school did you grad-uate from?" - - - "Where is your home town?" --- "What does your father do?" --- "And how long have you been in New York?" Toward the last you tumble to the fact that they are only seeking this information because, if you or your family seemed prosperous enough, they would ask you to partially back a show and if you did this you could have your music in it, or sing or dance, or perform feats of magic, or anything you desire. Then you pity the poor actor. It is now that you definitely

decide that you will not buy your way in but will be recognized only through your merit.

One bright young chap overhears your conversation with a producer and follows you out of the office and engages you in conversation. He tells you that he is getting together a revue himself and that he needs music and lyrics. He is a producer and director because he studied all this in college and is trained down to the toe-nails in every phase of the theater. He wants to hear your music. You play for him.

This college-trained producer lets you know after three days' time (he also auditioned sixteen others) that you have been chosen as the best, and he wishes a full score written for this show and outlines to you several ideas which he wants fulfilled. You reason this is your open door and you take full advantage of the situation. Thanks to your National Song Contest special course you are able to turn them out at an alarming rate.

You gain great personal satisfaction in hearing your numbers performed at rehearsals but unfortunately this is as far as the revue went. A backer could just not be found and the revue called "Broken Bubbles" seemed to vanish from your life and from the life of all the other aspirants.

You have been earning your livelihood in the past months by the devious method of writing "hack" numbers for the newcomers to Broadway. These young hopefuls congregate around casting offices where you are able to sell them a special song written in their voice range so that they may have something different and arresting for audition purposes. You are doing nothing wrong but are doing them a favor because you instill confidence in them by letting them have an especially written personal number. Those among them who possess any spark of ingenuity whatever can couple it with this number and perform miracles just as you did when you paid for the publication of your "favorite" song.

Mauvis Midnight was somewhat chagrined by her failure to sing on the "Butternut Hour" which would have established her as a radio name and may have been a stepping stone to either the stage or pictures. Up to this moment Miss Midnight had never been worried over her career as she was always satisfied at being a minor celebrity. Now suddenly she realizes if she is ever to get ahead she had better start, needing no more of a reason than to spite Mrs. Publisher X.

Fame had been on her mind for some months, when suddenly during one of her numbers she glances at the ringside tables and sees Malcolm

Doap IV seated alone and unprotected. Miss Midnight quickly realized her chance, and even though he spent most of his time in and out of sanitariums and even his family admitted he was peculiar in various ways, he was still a good catch. Malcolm was anemic and washedout, sometimes given over to hysterical giggling, but still rich as Croesus. It was a very simple thing to do - - - the following morning she was Mrs. Malcolm Doap IV, an overnight elopement and Bourbon had turned the trick.

The newspapers were very kind to Mauvis by giving her front page space.

The following day Malcolm was carted off to a sanitarium to get over a slight attack of D.T.'s. Mauvis condescended however, to continue her club engagement at triple salary and permitted her name to be in lights larger than that of the club.

All this somewhat stuns you, but then it is that you remember seeing on the theatrical page that Producer Zee had announced a revue, "Kisses and Misses." You have had a complete change of heart. You will become an established songwriter even if you have to buy your way in or any other method that you cannot term by "merit" alone.

Producer Zee agrees that if you furnish him



Louise Howard of



LOUISE HOWARD

and Her

GAMBOLEERS

ORIGINATOR OF

SOPHISTICATED — PRIMITIVE MUSIC



authoress composer actress

Arthur Jones of



orchestra known as

ARTHUR JONES

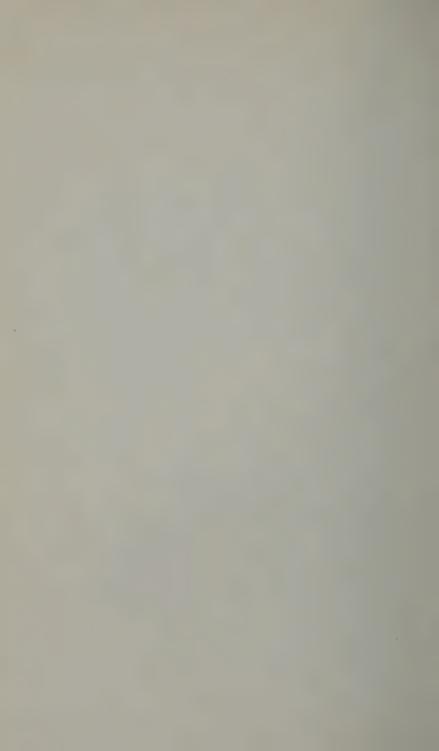
and His
JONES BOYS

ORIGINATOR OF

JUMPY — BUMPY MUSIC

* * *

author composer actor



with an angel to the amount of five thousand dollars he will let you furnish three solo numbers and two production numbers, namely a thousand dollars a song. You tell him you will let him know that evening, to which he calmly replies, "You don't have to play me the music, if everything comes out all right, it's in." You are simply stunned by his frankness. What a long way around Robin Hood's barn you have gone to gain this objective! Why couldn't you have known this at the very first?

Miss Mauvis Midnight is intrigued at her doing three solo numbers and two full production numbers in a Broadway revue. Now that she is able to demand, at the snap of her fingers, a settlement of a cold million from her in-laws, the Doap family, for after all, is she not Mrs. Malcolm Doap IV? Mauvis now considers five thousand mere pin-money.

Producer Zee will co-star Mrs. Malcolm Doap IV, nee Mauvis Midnight, nee Mazie Mulligan, with Horace Hamm, fresh from Hollywood, in an intimate revue with music and lyrics by you and two additional songs by Producer Zee's sister and nephew respectively. Four other numbers are included by Publisher X who bought his way in as you did, besides giving Producer Zee a large advance for publication rights of the other songs in the show.

Publisher X has four promising writers under contract who he wished to farm out to Hollywood, but first he must prove their ability by having their work in some show, spotted on the air, or used by a "name" artiste.

These contracted fellows that Publisher X is trying so hard to establish have been put under contract not because of their merit, but because of their family and business connections. One is a Governor's son whose father was kind enough to extend Publisher X a visit to his home for publicity purposes; while another was a young cousin of Mr. Top Flight's wife; while still another was a banker's son whose father held a sizeable mortgage on an upstate farm of Publisher X; while the fourth was the son of a hotel chain magnate, whom Publisher X found a marvelous connection for a steady outlet when he plugged his songs, for each of these hotels had broadcasting facilities.

One of the chorus girls during rehearsal makes herself known to you, as the year before you had presented her with a professional copy of your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley," which she auditioned in several places procuring her several jobs. Suddenly a wave of desire sweeps over you to include that song in this show, "Kisses and Misses." You do remember that you did sign the publishing rights of this song to your National Song Contest

Supervisor and you will have to get a release from him.

You again visit the Contest Supervisor and this time he is more crafty with you. After many questions he decides that the publication rights would be worth fifty dollars, which you are glad to pay at this time. You have a contract drawn by the same theatrical lawyer who made your revue contracts, and upon payment of the fifty dollars the song is once more yours.

Miss Midnight combats the spitefulness of Mrs. Publisher X by insisting that she include as an encore "How About Loving Me Again." Mrs. Publisher X does not dare to dictate policies to her husband at this point because Miss Midnight is someone to be reckoned with - - -Is she not married to Malcolm Doap IV and included in the family roster of one of America's first families? Is she not being costarred in "Kisses and Misses"? And hasn't Publisher X already invested money which cannot be refunded? So Mrs. Publisher X decides to make the best of it and even decides to bask in the glory. She tells everyone that she and Mauvis were in "Babykins" together which only was seven seasons ago (but in reality was fifteen). She and Mauvis stage a making-up party for publicity purposes.

You manage to convince Miss Midnight that for a first finale she should sing your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley" in her own inimitable way. For this insertion you have discarded the Dutch production number that you wrote upon the insistence of Miss Midnight because she is only able to do a Dutch wooden shoe routine and she feels that she must do something besides sing in the revue.

The audience has never quite recovered from the surprise of seeing Mauvis do her Dutch wooden shoe dance up and down the subway steps of the Tin-Pan Alley set. By Mauvis' interpolated novelty, it so happened that this is the only outstanding song. A close second is your "How About Loving Me Again," which Miss Mauvis performed swinging from the branch of an apple tree over the heads of the audience.

None of the other numbers from the score of "Kisses and Misses" seem to equal yours. You are very proud of this fact and are boasting, until Miss Mauvis overhears you and immediately puts you straight. She explains that she saw to it that your numbers were well staged and produced, and that they were placed in the best spots in the program, and that the orchestrations were superior to the others, for after all it was her money that put your numbers in

the show and it was she who performed them and she could not afford to appear at a disadvantage.

Publisher X and Producer Zee are satisfied with the monetary returns from the show and decide to make "Kisses and Misses" a smash hit. Producer Zee decides to spend much more than the original allotment for advertising and exploitation, while Publisher X decides to plug the pants off your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley."

Publisher X calls a staff conference in his office. Everyone in his firm receives definite instructions to do or die for dear old "How To etc." Every plugger, every sales contact person, the publicity men and advertising agent are all told in no uncertain terms just what is expected of them.

The office hums with the activity that precedes the shoving of your song down the throats of the populace. Press releases are sent out by the mile. Hundreds of luncheons are purchased, hundreds of theater parties are quickly organized, thirty-three week-end parties take place together with a modest little supper party with overly-friendly blondes as place cards. These activities would have sent the legendary Diamond Jim Brady back to his home town in utter shame. Everybody calls each other by his

first name and listens to each other brag about the wife and kiddies or a golf score or laughs uproariously at each other's aged unfunny jokes.

The Mountain labored and brought forth a smash song hit, your "favorite" song, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley," and you did it. The United States together with a few Canadians and a scattering of Mexicans soon became utterly "Tin-Pan Alley" conscious. Your song blared from every loud speaker in the country, imposed on every parlor piano, was received with each box of Toastie-Woasties, glared at you from every music shop window, was hummed in your ear in the subway, was danced to in Harlem, Walla Walla, Pottsville and Pueblo, and jangled forth from every nickle-inthe-slot piano in every beer stube from border to border.

A well-known dance instructor in New York immediately offered a correspondence course on the correct way to do the new dance craze "Crashing Tin-Pan Alley," which was modeled after Miss Midnight's Dutch wooden shoe dance up and down the subway steps. For home use, when steps were not available, furniture was substituted. Just how many wall flowers you drug out of corners you will never know, but if you hadn't, someone else would have, so it really didn't matter.

Songplugging is an art, such wonders are accomplished, you wonder how it is done. Songpluggers are individuals hired by a publisher to convince singers, orchestra leaders and vocalists that this particular publisher's song is a "must" edition for their repertoire.

Songpluggers are hired for their connections and have formerly been radio announcers, production men, directors, advertising agency minor executives, and have a definite friendship with active performers on the air. They work on a straight salary basis with an expense allowance. You will find them every place in New York, for they are the publishers' salesmen who sell the intangibilities of a song.

The next important man is the publishers' sales representatives who sees to it that the song of the moment is prominently displayed and pushed on the music counters.

The publicity department works on exploitation programs so that the song will be included in editorials, in the comic sections and in cartoons. This department also sees to it that full catalogue listings are given in the jobbers' monthly lists, and if possible splurged in the lists.

A special department is maintained for mechanical rights alone which include phonograph recordings, transcriptions for radio, possible

insertions in motion pictures, recorded background music for radio dramatic sketches, and special records made for mechanical phonographs and pianos.

A publisher carries his own staff of lawyers who are specialists in the drawing of contracts, securing complicated copyrights, and answering many suits brought against the publisher for plagiarism by hundreds of people all over the country who think their brain child was stolen from them long before they ever put it down on paper.

Publishing is a business that is too confining and demanding for the average songwriter. He cannot dabble or participate in the ownership of orchestras and other sundry branches of the music profession.

And where does the publisher get his income so that he may carry all the mentioned people on his staff? The largest percent of his income is derived from radio, for each time one of his numbers is played he receives a certain credit which, when added up at the end of a period, he is paid in proportion. The next largest percent comes from the sales of sheet music, which at one time was the greatest but now comes in a poor second. Recordings rank third, but this amount is being increased by the beer taverns' nickel phonographs.

Jeron Criswell





You have always wanted to crash the radio field so you inquire if anyone needs any theme songs, only to find that theme songs are chosen because they are old established hits. Even the most expert songplugger is lucky to place one of his company's older hits for this use.

Many now wish to collaborate with you because you are actively successful. One month before they would not have dreamed of such a thing. A good rule to follow is never to waste your time collaborating with someone who is equal or below your achievements, but only collaborate with the one who is above you. This will seldom ever happen unless he thinks you show great promise and his name can be heightened in value through the use of your melodies or unequalled lyrics.

Once you thought if only you could get someone on the vaudeville stage to sing one of your numbers, but now you laugh at that idea for it would mean nothing. You once thought of trying to sell your songs to some vaudeville act but you were informed they had not changed one word in their act since 1909, and many other acts had followed this delightful pattern, and there were no new vaudeville actors.

Your keen business sense and a fearless active faith in yourself and your ability proved with-

out a doubt that you wanted success as a songwriter and you meant to have it. You did not stop while sitting at your piano, but continued and saw completion of each thing you attempted.

Now it is you who live the success story, for you appear as guest star on the radio, attend openings of other shows, officiate at a dancing contest, author articles on your success by giving a tepid Cinderella version and by telling them exactly what they wanted to hear and read. You have a whole flock of lawyers dickering over a Hollywood contract which Super-Mamouth dangles in front of you. Two months ago you would have grabbed at this or even anything that looked like a contract, but not now, for you can do the clause inserting now.

Miss Midnight is asked if she will accept a degree from a School of Music, sadly in need of publicity. Miss Midnight falls in love with the idea, although she cannot read one note of music. The press agent thinks it would be good for you to have one too, and though this school is very expensive and rates high in musical education it seems hardly fair to the student body who spent four long years and many thousands of dollars for the same degree which you suddenly will have hoisted upon you in the space of a few minutes. It is all done through press agents.

The exercises take place on Sunday afternoon, and both Miss Midnight and yourself are asked to remain for they were having a special guest from New York who is to lecture on modern music. They speak of him in such glowing terms as the modern Bach of present day music, and his talk will be illustrated with some of his incomparable compositions.

Miss Midnight, dressed just a bit too decollete for an honorary B.A. Degree of Music, occupies a box with the Dean and his somewhat tepid wife, while you are wished off on the Dean's sister who thinks it all too thrilling for words. The speaker receives a tremendous ovation and through boredom you begin to scrutinize him only to find that he is your Contest Supervisor, who was so cleverly "doubling in brass" the whole time. Setting himself up as an educational authority before he could really command a great salary as dean, he had to revert to an income that was still in the music field though not quite so lofty. Later he is thrilled at meeting you, and does not once let it be known that you have met before. One half of the world never realizes just quite how the other half lives

Two months later you are surprised to learn that Mr. Top Flight's wife, the daughter of the radio executive, suddenly ran off to Reno so that she could continue her violent adoration

for a hairdresser who wished to further his radio aspirations.

Although Mr. Top-Flight had an iron-bound contract with Publisher X, he was no more the white-haired boy, but decidedly "excess baggage" because he not only lost his wife but he lost all of his radio connections, which were his best points and the only reason he was tolerated by Publisher X.

Mr. Top Flight is publicly humiliated in every way in an effort to have him sell his contract but he is far too wise for that. He knows that if he is without a contract it will be very hard to get another and the only time to sign with another company is the present.

Mr. Top Flight's sister makes a very good marriage on the coast to a family that is related to the motion picture company that holds Publisher X's franchise. Mr. Top Flight convinces Publisher X to continue with the present contract and to insert an optional clause therein.

At this time you realize the fickleness of the game, and the only way to remain in the scene is to buy yourself in and actively participate. You take your profits from "Kisses and Misses" and the royalties from "How To etc." and induce Publisher X to sell you a substan-

tial interest in his business. This has not been so difficult to do because, since Miss Midnight's success, Mrs. Publisher X has been insisting that she too be starred in a show similar to "Kisses and Misses" and Publisher X, is only too glad to have you write the show,* and have your money to back his wife.

You labor on the score to find that your ideas do not come as thick and fast as they once did and you would give anything in the world to repeat the success of your "favorite" song. However, you do get another smash hit in a ballad that received front page publicity at the very start when a disgruntled husband could no longer hear his wife singing the silly thing and promptly shot her.

The only thing left to do now is write one hit a year and you are quite secure for the rest of your life.

Your Hollywood contract could have been one of two kinds, a one picture assignment only, or for a series of pictures, both with a royalty provision and, in special cases a percent of the profits.

Other publishers come to you and wish to buy outright any number of your songs, figuring that you are no longer a gamble, as you have proven yourself.

[89]

^{*} See "How Your Play Can Crash Broadway" by the same authors.

During the rehearsals of Publisher X's wife's musical revue you have need of a plaintive, whimsical girl of about twenty or so to heighten Publisher X's wife's peculiar type of beauty. Your mind goes back to the recipient of your very first autographed professional copy of your "favorite" song who is now in the chorus of "Kisses and Misses," Miss Madge Kelly.

You insist that Miss Kelly be given this second lead for it was she who suggested to your mind that you include "How To etc." in "Kisses and Misses," and you wish to repay this debt. Of course you immediately insist that she change her name to Nella Kella.

Just as you thought all along Miss Kella proved a sensation, while Publisher X's wife received glowing praise from the press, it was Miss Kella who proved to be the novelty.

"Kisses and Misses," having been purchased by Super-Mamouth for a movie, closed on Broadway and Miss Midnight rushed to the coast to film her original role. They retitled "Kisses and Misses" "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley." You are sorry to see the revue close for it afforded you great personal pleasure and much security.

Miss Midnight had Malcolm Doap IV transferred to a California sanitarium for sentimen-

tal purposes. Malcolm's brothers and sisters had looked upon Miss Midnight with much disdain and had caused her an undue feeling of class consciousness, until she learned through devious means that Malcolm Doap III married into the "Floradora" chorus, while Malcolm Doap II married into "The Black Crook," and since the original Malcolm Doap did not bother to marry at all, she hardly felt out of her class, for now, is she not a movie star, and did she not get there all by herself? She too, clung to a very unbelievable version of the Cinderella story.

Mrs. Publisher X and Miss Midnight now both have their own radio hours, and appear high in the popular rating. Of course, they have a background of symphonic music, transatlantic broadcasts and acres of guest stars but it is their own merit that keeps them there.

You are able to have your songs adequately plugged, for with these worthwhile connections you do not have much cause to worry.

Miss Kella finds herself with movie aspirations and offers, but finds no one to take a personal interest such as she desires. You suddenly realize that your time is not altogether taken up by your music, for you have many underlings who do all the work for you. Miss Kella appeals to you as an interesting hobby and you

are sure that you could easily manipulate a career for her as you did yourself. You do.

Soon you are one of the First Families of Hollywood, and remarkably well connected.

Everything has come your way and the future looks quite rosy.

Now all you have to worry about is television.





The story related thus far could easily happen to you. There is nothing impossible if you but have the will to survive all obstacles. If you do not recognize defeat there is no defeat. If you do not believe in failure, failure will not come into your life. Consider each obstacle mentioned in this book and also consider the simple solution, for each incident has its cause and its cure. You will find in every occupation just what you look for.

When you want vocational advice there is no one whose answer means as much to yourself as your own does. You can do anything that you desire.

There is only one place that manufactures money and that is the Federal Mint, and there is no one who can forbid and keep you from acquiring this money. No one can claim your life for his own. If you want one certain profession you will only be happy in that one profession. You can run your life toward any goal you desire just as the engineer runs a train to a given destination.

Any profession is overcrowded. There is competition for everything today. Ask any merchant, doctor, lawyer, baker, beggar or thief, and they will each advise you against taking up his profession, because of competition, the field being very hard, or a shortage of this or

that. The other fellow's business always looks the easiest and best.

Your persistent, active, fearless faith will procure for you your heart's desire no matter what it is. If it is songwriting, governorship or being a sea captain, each has an apprenticeship which must be served. All things are possible if you but make them so. There is no time like the present.

Of course for sometime now you have been very curious about that smash hit song you were supposed to have written, namely, "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley." It was our intention that the entire song be included in this volume but due to contractual obligations we are not able to reprint the song in its entirety.

This song was personally submitted to many of the leading Tin-Pan Alley publishers and they found it to be the perfect example of popular songwriting, embodying all the qualities and form that distinguishes a song worthy of plugging and exploitation.

We sincerely regret that we are only allowed to include four measures, in a simple melody line with denoted harmonies, written in a clear manner with each word of the lyric plainly written below of "How To Crash Tin-Pan Alley."

If you have lost heart in any way consider your songwriting career at an end.

You who have taken or about to take the challenge to CRASH TIN-PAN ALLEY heed to the fact that music always has been and still is a business.

Anyone making a living in the music world is entitled to much more than he actually receives.

Any person profitably engaged in musical work should be profoundly grateful.

It would do well to repeat, "Songwriting is a business!" over and over again until it becomes an accepted fact in your mind.



Scenes from the Broadway Production of Oscar Wilde's "Life And Loves of Dorian Gray" taken on stage at the Comedy Theater, N. Y. C. Jeron Criswell was starred and heading the supporting cast were Louise Howard and Arthur Jones. The play was adapted by Mr. Criswell and the musical numbers "I Was Just Around The Corner" and "Victorian Waltz" were written by Miss Howard and Mr. Jones.





A CREED FOR SONGWRITING SUCCESS

I.

I am not falsely encouraged or discouraged by anyone.

II.

I keep my poise under any condition.

III.

I try at all times to be the individual I want to be.

IV.

I daily develop and improve my musical talent.

V.

I keep my body free from dissipation and my mind clean and alert.

VI.

I only associate with people who equal my talents or surpass them.

VII.

I make the most of every opportunity.

VIII.

I am never envious for the same good fortune could easily come to me.

IX.

I will always obey my superiors to the best of my ability and be grateful to them.

X.

The success I seek in the musical world is seeking me for I refuse to recognize failure.



After reading this book telling of hardships, heartbreak, cruel competition and negative conditions, does your blood still tingle to the word "songwriter"? Do you wax romantic over the musical scale? Can you, at this very moment, imagine your "favorite" song coming over a loud speaker and pouring into millions of homes? Can you see it reposing upon the counter wherever sheet music is sold? Can you hear a prima donna singing your song on a Broadway stage? Can you thrill at seeing your name on sheet music? Can you hear your own words and music become popular? Can you hear orchestras playing your tunes? Can you see thousands of couples dancing to your music? Can you visualize the thrill you would receive when you know that your song is being sung in every community? Can you mingle with the great and near-great without it spoiling you? And once you get your fame will you be able to hold on to it? If you feel this and the heartbreak ahead does not matter - - - repeat again, "Songwriting is a business" - - - and you can do it.

We wish you all the luck in the world and may your career in Tin-Pan Alley be easy and everything come your way.

> ARTHUR JONES LOUISE HOWARD JERON CRISWELL

You may write to the authors at 12 West 44th Street, New York City, regarding any question you wish to ask or any problem that may confront you.



5

LET SUCCESS OVERTAKE YOU

A concise proven plan to market your own song.

This is the very program used by many songwriters now under contract in New York and Hollywood.





5

THE DETAILED PROVEN METHOD FOR MAKING MONEY FROM SONG-WRITING.

It is with remarkable frankness, and in simple, understanding language, a solution is given, point by point, and just as plainly as your primary teacher taught you to read and write, making clear just what is to be done to insure the sale by creating an overwhelming demand for your song.

5



MARKETING AND EXPLOITATION CAMPAIGN

Preface



ROM the very moment you receive your published song bearing your picture on the cover, you are the songwriter you

always wanted to be.

From this very moment you must forget the past and say it never happened. You must forget your petty jealousies and timidities, and operate only on fearless faith. Mentally you are an established successful songwriter and you accept that as a fact, so the minor steps leading up to it will easily come about.

You are a successful established person doing the things you want to do, and the right people will gladly share your enthusiasm.

Remember: Always act as if it were impossible to fail. There are no obstacles on your pathway except imaginary ones. If need be walk up to this imaginary lion on your pathway and see how quickly he will turn into a friendly airdale.

You are more than equal to your situation.

You are immune to all petty jealousy, criticism, envy, resentment, fear, discouragement, interference, negative conditions, doubt, worry, lack and delay.

Let this be a period of amazing good fortune, of completion, of achievement, for you are bringing in tomorrow's harvest today. Miracles are at your very door-step!

Harness your thoughts, words and actions and they will pull you to your glorious success.

Let no one mar your personal success nor keep you from your goal. Firmly believe that no one person can stop your good fortune, as one door shuts another door opens.

You can be like a rushing tide that sweeps everything before it.

When you refuse to recognize a stumbling block, you are making a mountain into a molehill.

Operate upon the supposition that everything works out for your good, and surprisingly you will find that it does.

Let success overtake you overnight.

THIRTY STEPS TO SUCCESS!

1.

Get your town's most popular singer to memorize your song, and have it performed at the next large social or civic affair.

2.

Notify your local paper that you have written a song. At no time be modest about your achievement. See to it that the papers from surrounding communities also carry this story. If possible, and it can easily be arranged, have your picture appear with the announcement. Start a scrapbook immediately. Save each newspaper clipping and each printed program that in any way mentions your name connected with your song. Always show these neatly

mounted items in a scrapbook because these can be used as a spring board to bigger and better connections.

3.

If you do not know the editor well enough, gain an introduction to him through a store owner or business man of the town who advertises heavily. You can gain much, in fact everything, if you allude to your campaign as a civic affair, something that the town can take pride in.

4.

Contact your local music store or stores and make arrangements for a full window display of your song, personally autographed copies. These copies can be placed in the music stores on a consignment basis, which means that the music shops will pay you a percent on all copies sold with a privilege of returning the unsold copies. The usual percent is one third of retail price, but if the music shops will spend money for an advertisement you can well afford to give them as high as fifty percent if discretion warrants it.

Another exploitation stunt with the music stores is to train a local quartet plus your local singer and have them all appear at advertised designated hours, at which time you can be present so that people who do not know you will meet you. You may autograph your song at this time and address it personally to those who buy it. See that the newspaper carries the full account of this event and pictures if possible. Always see that your singers are mentioned in the publicity because that is the only pay that they will want.

6.

Interest local orchestras into playing your song. A contest at this time could be sponsored by your local Rotary, Kiwanas, I.O.O.F., Elks, American Legion, or Women's Clubs, etc. A prize could be donated by a local merchant (advertising) to be given to the person or persons who do the best rendition of your song.

7.

A charity dance sponsored by one of the mentioned organizations for hospital, firemen, wel-

fare, Parent-Teachers' Ass'n., mill workers or miners, at which your song would be featured and either a fox-trot or waltz contest could be the specialty of the evening with a prize award. In the advance of the date set for such an affair you keep a steady stream of notices going to your papers which each time reveal some new slant of the preparations.

8.

Interest your local politician or business man to secure a program for you on a local or nearby radio station. You appear as guest star and tell how you happened to write your song, then let your singer and quartet sing it, and ask for comment and criticism from your radio audience. Add letters that you receive to your scrapbook. Get comments printed in paper if possible. Work on civic pride.

9.

Arrange to make guest appearances at nearby towns with your singer and quartet for charties or sponsored by church societies and clubs. Always make it possible for them to buy your song.

If it is advisable at this time interest the members of some charity organization personally to solicit for the sale of your song and give them half the money.

11.

Arrange other appearances and contests for charitable purposes. Give freely of your time but demand in return that the organization give you all the publicity that they possibly can by window cards, posters, newspaper notices and printed programs so that you may add these to your collection.

12.

Write an article telling just how you happened to write the song and the method you used, as an informative guide to others who may choose to do the same thing. Tell the editor that you have been asked by so many people just how you happened to write this song, that you thought there is enough interest aroused for it to make good reading.

Go to some merchant and suggest that he give a free copy on a sale day to each purchase over a dollar. Your only pay for this will be that he features your special gift for one week in his newspaper advertising before the day of the sale. Have him include your picture in the "ad" if possible. By this time you have your personal newspaper cut which you lend for all such purposes. Show this merchant your article that appeared in the newspaper and have him make reprints of it in a folder with his name on the back and your picture on the front, to be given away in the store and at future appearances elsewhere. By this you are giving his store wide advertisement.

14.

Make personal appearances at clubs, High School, churches, etc., giving your talk on songwriting. Also have your song played, and hand out copies of your printed article.

15.

On some "slow" evening at your local theater, convince the manager that your singers and

yourself could comprise a complete vaudeville unit. Have your song thrown upon the screen and the audience sing it. This can be typed on gelatin and mounted on a glass slide. Get theater billing and posters outside and take pictures of it. If you have a local ballet or tapdancer, invite her to appear with you. In this way you can be master of ceremonies and augment your program, and by all means keep it moving fast. Copies again may be sold in the lobby, or if you wish, everyone attending could receive a free copy if the manager buys them from you at cost, and this way repays you for the crowd you bring in.

16.

On the strength of this you may secure bookings in theaters of nearby towns, and you and your unit will appear free under the same circumstances or for the privilege of selling autographed copies in the lobby. Also take your gelatin slide along. It is important at this time to have people in your unit that are agreeable and who will work with you and not want pay for the present and who are able to pay their own expenses, and who will perform for the publicity and the fun of doing it.

Now you are ready for expansion. Through letters of introduction you secure banquet dates, dance appearances, entertainments and church socials in nearby towns. You work free but always sell autographed copies and require that you are well advertised. The members of your unit pay their own expenses.

18.

During each appearance in these surrounding towns you can contact the music stores and talk them into giving you a window display for your song on a consignment basis. Merchants may also be approached here for giving a free copy on sale day and you receiving the publicity.

19.

On the strength of your movie engagements you are able to convince the nearest radio station to let you appear again. This time in a more elaborate program with your unit and the radio orchestra participating. Your Town Band at this time will be helpful if you can convince them to make a radio appearance playing your tune.

Other small radio stations in the vicinity can be approached for a similar program. Ask for fan mail and criticism, and send free to them a copy of your article if they will write in for it. If the local merchant is too far away for this tie-up, get some merchant from this place to print the article for you with his "ad" on the back.

21.

By this time you are a local, if not district, celebrity. Now is the time to make a definite approach to your local political representative who is now serving at the state capital. Show him your past clippings, programs and photographs, and tell him that you are his political ally, etc. He has various connections in the capital which you can use to great advantage. If possible get him to sponsor you and make it known through the local newspaper. In fact you have known all along that you were going to use this man and in a round about way you could have kept him informed of your rise so far, so that when you do approach him you are not unknown to him. Let him be instrumental in securing you a program appearance on the capital's biggest radio station and other small stations located in the capital and as much

publicity as possible in the city papers.

22.

Have this politician personally escort you to a booking agent for orchestras and musical entertainment, and see to it that you are given a booking where you will be paid. Work with this agent on any basis you can get, just so your name, your unit, and your song is publicized. Do not sign a career contract with anyone outside of New York, because if he were any good at all he would be active in New York.

23.

Have your politician contact a local hotel manager who employs an orchestra, and have it play your song, and if possible have your troupe make a guest appearance.

24.

At this time have your politician or your agent get you an appearance in the movie theaters around the capital and then in the top house as a state attraction. Sell yourself now

as a state product. As you appealed to local civic pride, now appeal to state civic pride. Guest star on amateur hours.

25.

Daily rehearse your unit, improve them so they appear professional even to people who know them. You are now out of the amateur class. You are now professional.

26.

Approach the larger stores in the same way that you approached your local stores. If possible have the politician or some man equally as important help you to make these tie-ups, for they can be made. Whenever you meet blatant opposition, shrug your shoulders and try the next in line. You are now the pride of the state.

27.

At this step you should employ a press representative, commonly known in "show business" as a press agent. Your politician will recommend one, for perhaps many times he has used one himself.

Make personal appearances at the leading music shops and department stores of your state capital, and have your press agent publicize you to the skies. Continue selling your autographed copies. Get your pictures in all the papers. Have your article reprinted in the newspaper and have your press agent get it syndicated.

29.

Tour principal cities of the state on your state capital publicity and your state civic pride, through vaudeville bookings. Neighboring states may also be toured with the same procedure. Secure letters of introduction or a personal introduction from your state politician to another state politician who can do the same things for you that he did.

30.

If you have carefully followed this procedure that has been outlined for you, your song by this time is ready for national distribution and national plugging in a big way. You have proven your ability to cope with all situations and by this time you are ready to receive your just reward. A national orchestra leader can be secured to plug the pants off your song, and through this medium you can name your price either to be actively participating on a publisher's staff, or specialize in nightclub work, or have an orchestra of your own where you will feature your own compositions, or this may prove a stepping stone to a Hollywood contract. It all depends upon what you wish to do at this period of your career. Your chance for fame is greatest at this time and if you continue to apply yourself in the same thorough manner you will undoubtedly hit the top and be able to stay there.



5

If any point in this final discussion of a proposed career is not clear to you, have your father or some man equally as well versed in the business world explain a few of the finer points to you. It is well that you take into your confidence an older person with a sound business mind for he will prove invaluable to you in your career.

The authors of this book will be delighted to assist you in obtaining publication of your song.

Tin-Pan Alley may be legendary but it still remains a business section like the Loop in Chicago, Fountain Square in Cincinnati, Olive Street in St. Louis, Vine Street in Hollywood, Times Square in New York City, or Main Street in your home town.

TIN-PAN ALLEY is merely a continuation of the street on which you now live.

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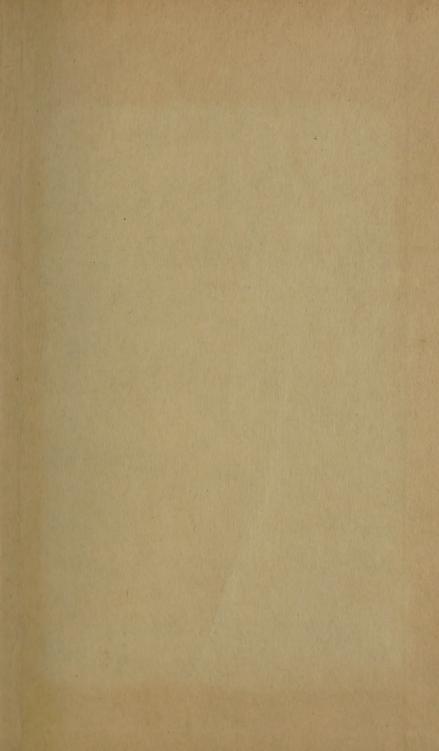
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